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POWER OF CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD.  
A SERMON  
DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL  
OF  
MRS. MARY EMMONS IDE,  
OF  
WEST MEDWAY.

JULY 3, 1880.

BY  
REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER,  
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FRANKLIN, MASS:  
FRANKLIN STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.  
1880.



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## SERMON.

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MATTHEW XXVI, 13.

*“ Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel is preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.”*

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It was an unpretentious act that would be told of wherever the gospel should be preached. Jesus was in Bethany, a small village on the eastern declivity of Olivet, where Lazarus and his sisters lived—a grateful retreat to the Master, weary with the labors and trials of his mission to thoughtless and opposing men. He found sympathy there and sincere affection—precious tokens to one who was tried by the treachery of friends and the malice of foes. It was in the house of Simon, too, whom Jesus had healed of leprosy. These loving Christian friends met their Lord there for sweet fellowship. In honor of their guest, a supper was spread, plain, simple, yet truly hospitable. When Jesus was reclining at the table, Mary “poured an alabaster box of very precious ointment upon his

head" as an expression of her devotion to Him. It was a simple act, such as any disciple might perform, yet such as none would perform except the true and tried disciple. It was of this pious act that the Savior said, "Verily I say unto you wheresoever this gospel is preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." It has been told ever since. Why?

1. Because it was an act of the HEART. Men often exalt intellect above affection — make the head superior to the heart. In all ages they have extolled and idolized the former, pronouncing extravagant eulogies upon it, rearing costly monuments to perpetuate its memory, and repeating the story of its greatness on the historic page. At the same time they have given an inferior place to the noble aspirations and deeds of the heart in the temple of fame. As if the latter were powerless and ephemeral in comparison with the former, they have failed of their just reward in human verdicts.

But God, in his economy of grace, esteems the heart greater than the head; for "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth evil things." He is no better than his heart — that determines both his character and destiny. What he is in time, even the use of intellect itself, and what he will be in eternity, his heart elects. For this reason affection is greater than talent; love more desirable than



intellect; and tenderness of heart nobler and grander than strength of mind.

These remarks apply forcibly to the act of Mary of Bethany, since a woman's worth and power especially are found in her heart. Affection is her wealth and strength. She may be intellectual, even talented, but her soul qualities rank superior to intellect. Coleridge said, "Woman has more heart than man. She was made to love. Her crown is in her heart and not on her head." So Mary praised, adored and glorified her Master by her love. Her act expressed her unfeigned affection for the Lord. Her method of expressing it was womanly. A man would not have conducted himself thus. It was a too tender and loving way for a disciple of the sterner sex to adopt. Lazarus himself was there, whom Christ had raised from the dead, but he was less childlike and demonstrative than his sister. His gratitude was deep and overflowing, and his love true as steel, and he was indeed a faithful follower; but such was not his method of expressing devotion to his Lord. And here, as if Christ would bear unmistakable testimony to the superiority of the heart over intellect, he declared that this act of Mary should go down to future ages, and be told to her honor.

2. Because it was the act of a WOMAN. Before the dawn of Christianity woman was everywhere treated as inferior to man. Even the refinement of the Grecian and Roman empires did not concede her true position as wife, mother, daughter or sister. In their great enterprises of social and

moral reform, representative men did not seek her influence. Comparatively she was a cipher in the plans and efforts to promote human progress. It was reserved for Christianity to exalt woman to her true dignity and position as the companion and equal of man. Jesus, its divine founder, signalized his glorious advent by benedictions upon womanhood. Of all his followers in Palestine, none shared his confidence more than Christian women. They were welcomed to his counsels, honored by his attentions, and exalted to positions of trust in the infant church. His familiar intercourse with the family of Bethany, sympathizing with the bereaved sisters in their sorrows, as well as in the cares and joys of daily duties, expresses the value which the Savior attached to woman's mission in the redemption of the race. From the commencement of his earthly labors to their consummation upon Calvary, pious women were among his most efficient followers, cooperating with Him in saving the lost, sympathizing with Him in persecutions, and ministering to Him in want and suffering. Nor was their familiar fellowship ever interrupted by treachery like that of Judas, or cowardly and base denial like that of Peter.

“Not she with treacherous kiss the Savior stung ;  
 Not she denied Him with unholy tongue ;  
 She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave ;  
 Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave !”

No wonder that when He burst the cerements of the tomb, and came forth in the glory of the resurrection, that He appeared first to a woman!



“Fear not,” announced the angelic herald, “for I know that ye seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for He has risen, as He said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.” Timid men had forsaken the “man of sorrows” in the hour of his severest trials; but the faithful women lingered at the cross until the mighty agony was over, and then tenderly prepared the crucified one for burial, and even sat over against the tomb to weep, until compassionate night drew her pall over the scene. “All hail!” saluted these consecrated women as a benediction. “And they departed quickly from the sepulcher, with fear and great joy, and did run to bring his disciples word. And as they went to tell the disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail! And they came and held Him by the feet and worshipped Him.” The first mortal sight of the risen Lord vouchsafed to woman! Woman the first *worshipper* of the risen Redeemer! “Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid; go, tell my brethren, that they go into Gallilee, and there shall they see me.” Woman commissioned to bear the glad news of the resurrection to an anxious church! Woman made the first herald of salvation to a dying world! Her dignity is now complete. She is man’s equal before God and the world, as well as Christ’s “helper;” and her Christian deeds become instinct with immortal life. Henceforth, emancipated in mind and body, she becomes an element of strength in Zion; and the power of Christian womanhood to elevate and save is made an essential factor in the redemption of mankind.

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Thus Christianity interposed to lift woman into her true sphere, and make her mission of purity and love sublime. Paganism indeed boasts of her Zenobias, Cleopatras and Cornellas; and Judaism of her Rachels, Deborahs, Abigails and Ruths; some of them ambitious and prodigal, others proud and heroic, and others still patriotic and virtuous: but Christianity alone has the sisters of Bethany, Dorcas, Lydia, Lois, Persis, Tryphena and Tryphosa, and kindred saints, all imperial in character, the Lord's annointed, crowned with the regal jewels of love, humility, purity and piety, that men

"Shall know how divine a thing  
A woman may become."\*

3. Because it was a part of the GOSPEL. Christ declared that it should be told wherever "the gospel is preached;" nowhere else. It belongs there. It possesses a special fitness, beauty and charm in that setting. It is in complete harmony with both the letter and spirit of the gospel, one and inseparable; and it must live as long as Christianity lives. Even as an adornment of Christ's bride, it is destined to exist and shine as a diamond set in gold. All acts, methods and enterprises in conflict with the Divine Will, or out of harmony with it, must perish. Christianity must and will overcome everything that stands in the way of its march to victory. It is the only possible way in which God can bring his people to Zion "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." A Christian spirit and principle alone can survive

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\*Wordsworth.

with Christianity. Harmony with the Divine Will is an essential element of perpetuity, whether it be personal acts or public enterprises.

Monuments of brass and marble, which ambition rears to perpetuate its fame, crumble to dust, and the very ground on which they stood is obliterated from human knowledge. Populous cities, with all their splendors of wealth and art, lie buried beneath the change and ruin of a thousand years. We have to dig to find the remains of ancient cities, that lived, sinned, and perished from mortal sight. All that is merely human passes away. All that is divine, lives.

Here is the secret of the power of Christian womanhood. It belongs to Christianity, and is a part of it. The history of the early church is replete with the labors of woman to build it up. Then she acted a more conspicuous part than now in the work of the church. Her ministry of love and fellowship, as well as of labor, constituted no small part of the history of the church in the first few centuries of the Christian era. The bare enumeration of the names of pious females who were "co-laborers" with Christ and the apostles in the work of the Christian ministry, is proof of the prominent and important place of woman in the early church. The sixteenth chapter of Romans furnishes a glowing tribute to the value of Christian womanhood in the achievements of the gospel while Christ and the apostles lived. Female influence is so identified with Christianity in its early conquests that the "memorial" of one is in

part the "memorial" of the other. They cannot be separated. The alabaster box of precious ointment, as a symbol of woman's part, will lend its fragrance to the truth down to the latest time.

The subject of this discourse finds a fitting illustration in the life of Mrs. Mary Emmons Ide, to whose memory we bear a grateful tribute at this hour.\* The text, in substance, may be appropriately quoted of her, "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel is preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." She has broken many an alabaster box of precious ointment to pour upon the Savior's head, the perfume of which pervades these scenes that she has exchanged for Heaven. You who have shared her labors and watched her Christian life for many years, know full well the fitness of these words. Your memories are even now busy in gathering memorials of her useful life, to weave into fresh garlands for her grave. These symbols of mourning, the thoughtful congregation around this bier, these unbidden tears of sorrow, proclaim more eloquently and touchingly than words, that a "mother in Israel" and example of Christian womanhood is dead.

Mrs. Ide was born in Franklin, Mass., Dec. 3, 1790. She was the daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D., that divine whose great talents, fame and influence are interwoven with the history of theological science in New England. She inherited her father's sharpness of intellect and

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\*Appendix A.



keenness of wit, together with a taste for literary culture, accompanied with those gentler graces of her sex that are an ornament to youth, and a crown of glory to age. All of these, however, she made subordinate to the higher claims of personal Christian usefulness.

In her youth remarkably intelligent and vivacious, keenly alive to the demands of social life, and yet thoughtful and discriminating, she drew to herself kindred spirits, thus unconsciously disciplining herself, especially after having consecrated herself to Christ, for that higher and nobler sphere which she adorned through a long and useful life. In those early years brought into frequent contact with prominent theologians who frequented her father's house, at a time when theological questions were the dominant topics of discussion, there is no doubt that her active mind caught an inspiration that she carried with her into riper years. For, it is seldom that pastors' wives evince such real interest in theological controversies as did she; and few of them ever bring to their consideration so much enthusiasm and logical ability. The young men who pursued their theological studies with her husband were often impressed by her sharp, crisp and critical observations upon controverted points, sometimes expressed in a vein of humor that both captivated and convinced. With woman's acute moral perceptions, and her deep soul-interest in the vital doctrines of the cross, her intellectual power, in this direction, was irrepressible. She possessed a decided poetical talent, and

in early life, was frequently applied to for original epitaphs for tombstones, and hymns for occasional services. But her mind became absorbed in higher and nobler duties, and so this talent was buried.

She married Rev. Jacob Ide, April 13, 1815, and was thus introduced to the difficult and complex duties of a pastor's wife. We need scarcely say that she was equal to the task. She identified herself more and more with the people as the years rolled on, and her husband's field of labor was emphatically hers. Seldom was she excelled by a pastor's wife in devotion to church and parish, as well as in true sympathy with the people in the chequered experiences of life. She rejoiced with them in joy and wept with them in sorrow. She remembered the sick, the afflicted, the aged, the infirm, the unfortunate and the poor. Her heart took them all in and bore them to the Infinite One. Her prayers and her alms ascended together. Deeds supplemented petitions. In many homes her tender ministrations alleviated the burden of sorrow, and lifted a cloud from depressed hearts. Family after family has passed away, during the sixty-five years of her residence with this people, leaving not a member to tell the story of her kindness. She witnessed with solemn interest the changes that death wrought from year to year—the aged passing on—the young growing old—children succeeding age—and the view served to deepen her personal interest in the secular, moral and spiritual welfare of this people.

The young found in her a firm friend. From the time she took up the duties of a pastor's wife, this class shared her loving attentions and prayers. Proof of their mental and moral improvement afforded her unalloyed pleasure. From the many poor children whom she assisted to clothe for the Sabbath school, during her life, a number equal to one-tenth of the present membership of this church made a public profession of religion here and elsewhere.\*

Special mention should be made of the fact, that, during the period in question, the great conflict with slavery and intemperance arose and culminated; and there was not a pulpit in the land truer to the right than this. The preacher knew, too, that the heart of one listener at least responded to every faithful utterance—that her heroic spirit would stand with him in the mighty contest, let the sacrifice be ever so great. With an influential class, it often cost reputation and position then, to attack slavery or intemperance from the pulpit; and never a word of discouragement or doubt escaped the lips of this pastor's wife. On the contrary, she rejoiced in the plainest and most fearless vindication of the truth, never doubting that God would defend his righteous cause, and give liberty to the captive and sobriety to the land. Even when slavery spread its black pall over her own household, and a son-in-law lay dying in Baltimore jail, she asked not for compromise in this pulpit; but rather that it should denounce, in stronger

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\*Appendix B.

language the "sum of all villainies." Not a few ministers visiting her family, or on exchanges with her husband, ascribed their conversion to the anti-slavery cause to her clear and enthusiastic defense of the same at her breakfast table. If ever for the moment, when the hour was darkest, she felt with Faber,

"O, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon the battle field of life  
And not sometimes lose heart,"

her faith soon rallied her moral powers, and her soul sang in triumph,

"For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win,  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin."

Mrs. Ide came to dwell with this people just after the great missionary enterprise was inaugurated; and her whole heart was enlisted for its success. It was here that her benevolent spirit found ample opportunity for expression: and here it was that she particularly distinguished herself as a Christian worker. Her sympathies, prayers and talents were laid upon its altar. She comprehended the magnitude and glory of the enterprise from the outset, and believed as really as she believed her Bible, that Christ would have "the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Others doubted and caviled, but she, never! To her the promise was clear as the sun, and the obligation to "preach the

gospel to every creature" imperative. Both foreign and home missions challenged her energies. To her they were the two parts of a symmetrical and beautiful whole. Her benevolent spirit invested them with sacred distinction as the harbingers of victorious grace. Her time, money, abilities and children were consecrated to the missionary work. To say that, at any time, she would have "counted it all joy" to send a son or daughter, as a herald of salvation, to the frontier of our land, or to "Greenland's icy Mountains," is to say what you all know. To be a missionary to the benighted, was to her the highest honor and blessing—more to be desired than to be a minister of the gospel at home. It would have been no sacrifice to her, to send all her sons and daughters to India or "islands of the sea" since her whole soul was absorbed in the greatness and necessity of the work. That she set a high value upon the clerical profession is proven by the number of clergymen in her family—two sons, a son-in-law, and a grand son-in-law. But, it is doubtful if she were ever more truly satisfied with the ordering of Providence than she was when permitted to give a beloved grand-daughter\* to the foreign missionary field. Many will recall the more than cheerful interest, yea, the almost exultant feelings with which she gave that loved one to a missionary whose chosen field of labor was Turkey. To her it was a privilege for which she was truly thankful. When a neighboring pastor gave one of his daught-

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\*Appendix B.

ers to the missionary cause in a foreign land, she sent her warmest congratulations to him, that God had called him to so high a privilege.

You remember what prominence she gave to the missionary cause in this parish, causing it, at the time, to be distinguished above other parishes around, in this department. Men and women were appealed to with persuasion and argument. Money, clothing, anything, that could add comfort to a missionary's home, or another preacher to the lost in heathen lands, was brought under contribution. You have not forgotten with what enthusiasm she went from house to house, setting forth the claims of this and that benevolent object; how she enlisted busy hands in the sewing-circle and family to fill barrels and boxes, and with what evident satisfaction she reported the intelligence of their arrival at the places of destination. Even neighboring towns and parishes received an impulse from her earnest appeals. It was not unusual for manufacturers and wealthy gentlemen to receive a call from her in behalf of charity; and the benevolent of other parishes were sometimes invited to join the benevolent of her own, to accomplish a definite object. As soon as one benevolent purpose was accomplished, she took up another. When one barrel was filled, another empty one was brought forward to be filled. There was no cessation of these labors: nor was she ever defeated in her benevolent designs. As if to own and bless her efforts specially, God crowned them with success. She would have continued to raise



money and fill barrels for missions had not age and infirmities interposed.

The first legacy which she ever received for her own private use was disposed of thus: "*Three-fifths for benevolence and two-fifths for personal use.*" One-fifth more for the Lord than for herself, was an expression of her sincere gratitude to Him. The Lord gave it, though it came through a dear friend. When told that she gave away too much, and that she would find a home in the almshouse unless she limited her benefactions, she replied, "I shall never go to the poor-house; it is not according to the divine purpose." The following fact adds significance to her remark, viz: A wealthy friend settled an annuity upon her some fifteen years ago, and, at his death, bequeathed to her a handsome legacy.\*

There are no memoranda from which to exhibit the magnitude of her labors for missions; but we are quite sure, that if a voice were given to every article of apparel, and to every dollar sent to the perishing, through her persevering efforts, that not only our western states, where the home missionary early toiled and died, but even India, Turkey, Africa and other lands, where the news of salvation has been carried, would join with us to tell what "this woman hath done for a memorial of her."

We should not do justice to the deceased without referring to another field of labor in which she distinguished herself—the Maternal Association.

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\*Appendix D.

The year of Mrs. Ide's marriage, the wife of the celebrated Dr. Payson of Portland, Me., organized a Maternal Association among her husband's people. Her example was followed by others in process of time, and Mrs. Ide was the first mother and pastor's wife to introduce the institution into this part of New England. She saw at once that the weekly or monthly gathering of mothers to sympathize with each other in their responsible position, to confer as to the best methods of training children, and especially to pray for their conversion to Christ, must result in immeasurable good. So she made the Maternal Association prominent here, and labored to form similar organizations in surrounding towns, entering into the work with an enthusiasm that was the assurance of success. She examined books and public journals for articles that would assist mothers in their arduous labors; and when Mrs. Whittlesey established the "Mothers' Magazine," an outcome of the Maternal Association, she felt that a new era for mothers had dawned. She asked for the widest circulation of the magazine in this and other parishes, and was successful in interesting mothers in it. Still later, when the "Mothers' Assistant" was established (the former monthly having ceased to exist), she gave to it her warmest welcome, and labored earnestly for its support. She was the life of the Maternal Association in this town, and through her personal endeavors it lived and flourished, and is still one of the few societies of the kind in Massachusetts. In the

infancy of the enterprise, she entered into a solemn contract with another mother, that whenever one of them should die, the other should devoutly, lovingly and gladly take the children of the deceased to her heart, and, with her own offspring, daily bear them in supplication to the throne of God. A few years only elapsed ere the mother with whom she thus contracted passed to her reward, when, true to her pledge, as well as to her maternal and spiritual instincts, she folded the motherless ones to her bosom, and gave them an equal place with her own children in her prayers for salvation. A beautiful illustration of true Christian sympathy and burden-bearing!

Mrs. Ide's uniform cheerfulness and Christian fortitude, under all circumstances, invested her life with a sort of charm. In prosperity and adversity alike she bore herself not only with marked self-possession, but with buoyant hope. Her trials were many; her experience chequered; and sometimes her cup of sorrow overflowed: but who ever saw her when her cheerful spirit and Christian fortitude did not rise above cloud and storm? You have seen her in tears, when weeping was easy as breathing; but a smile seemed to linger behind each tear-drop. You have seen her under a cloud; but such a silver lining as the cloud had, to her view, was a source of delicate joy. We doubt if a cloud without a silver lining ever gathered in her sky. You have seen her when death has suddenly and remorselessly snatched a dear one from the home-circle, yet she was not desponding.

Though her mother's heart bowed like a rush before the blast, her bright, sunny, Christian hope, lighted up her face, and her fortitude was equal to the hour. You have seen her when a dear one lay suffering and pining in prison, the victim of slaveholders' implacable rage, anxiously waiting for the worst, yet confidently expecting God to vindicate the right, though his Providence require so great a sacrifice of her in breaking the yoke of the oppressed. You have seen her later still, when slavery struck down a son, on the battle field, another sacrifice in the cause of human liberty; yet she was not sad. How calmly and pleasantly she spoke of the affliction, never for a moment doubting that it would work together for her own good, and the good of all concerned! If such were her part of the price of liberty to be paid, gladly, yea, rejoicingly, she would pay it, for Christ's sake and her country's sake. When, a few years since, death removed the only surviving daughter, and the aged parents bowed in deepest sorrow under the stroke, she remarked to her companion, smiling through her tears, "I FEEL SUSTAINED." Looking at her, and evidently beholding the proof of what she said in her face, he answered, "*Your countenance is like that of an angel!*" A person said of her, "She goes through sorrow as a steamer cuts the stormy waves; her soul seems like a life-boat, not made to sink." You have seen her at the gate of death, when disease appeared to mock medical skill, and when told that she could not survive through the night,

she replied, (her countenance beaming with evident pleasure at the thought,) "Then I shall see the King in his beauty."

In this spirit she accepted experiences of every kind. Unlike many followers of Christ, she invested even secular affairs with Providential care. God had to do with everything relating to herself whether secular or religious. For example, she had often expressed a desire to visit her birthplace again, only four miles distant. On referring to the subject, however, two or three years since, she replied to us, "I had hoped to see Franklin once more, but now I shall not; it is God's will and I am satisfied." She believed that God had to do with her going to Franklin as really as He did with her going to Heaven. Here was manifest the same recognition of the Divine mind in secular affairs that was always conspicuous in her best religious experience. A few weeks after her last attendance upon Sabbath worship, we inquired, "Have you been to church again?" "No," she replied, "I shall never go to church again until I go to the church triumphant, which is the best place." Just before her husband died, last January, coming from his bedside, we said to her, "he is going home before you." With that characteristic smile so familiar to all her friends, she answered, "Only a little in advance." After his death we inquired, "Had you any choice as to which of you should go first." As if surprised at the suggestion, she answered with emphasis, "Oh, no! none at all; God's time is my time."

Nowhere have you seen her when this delightful expression of peace and triumph did not appear. It was truly characteristic. Without it she would not have been herself. First born with her, then sanctified by the spirit, it was both natural and spiritual, a personal virtue and a grace of Christian character.

During the last months of her life, it was pleasant to see that her mind took on spiritual views with remarkable force and clearness, though she was physically very weak. She knew Christ when she did not know her neighbors. She apprehended spiritual things when she was nearly oblivious to other things. When she was stupid and partially unconscious, the mention of Jesus, or reference to her Christian hope and Heaven would rouse her at once, and her eye would kindle with its old lustre, as she responded with some intelligent and refreshing answer. Once, when she appeared to be near death, she said to her son, "I am almost home." "Then you will see father," he responded. "Yes, I shall see him," she replied. "And you will see the Savior, too," he continued. Opening her eyes wide, and smiling at the thought, she answered, "Yes, and *He* will be the chief attraction."

The tribute which Dr. Adam Clark paid to Mrs. Wesley may be appropriately applied to Mrs. Ide:

"She had a strong and vigorous mind and an undaunted courage. She feared no difficulty and, in search of truth, at once looked the more formidable objection full in the face, and never hesitated to give an enemy all the vantage-ground he could



gain, when she rose up to defend either the doctrines or the precepts of the Bible. She was not only graceful, but beautiful in person. As a Christian, she was modest, humble and pious. Her religion was as rational as it was Scriptural and profound. In forming her creed she dug deep, and laid her foundation upon a rock, and the storms and adversities of life never shook it. Her faith carried her through life, and it was unimpaired in death. She was a tender mother, a wise and invaluable friend. If it were not unusual to apply such an epithet to a woman, I should not hesitate to say, SHE WAS AN ABLE DIVINE.

By her death the last member of Dr. Emmons' family is removed. The ability and influence of the family, however, will not die. Its record is identified with human progress and the salvation of the race. Though our eyes will no more behold its members in the flesh, our minds can readily summon their shadowy presence in the ongoing "spirit of adoption" that shall make "the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ."

Sixty-five years, almost, a pastor's wife! Sixty-five years with one people! Where can we find another such record? A congregation several times larger than the one now worshipping here, has passed over the river, during this period. The fact is suggestive of the increasing interest the deceased must have had in this people. It is not strange that she became so identified with her hus-

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\*Appendix E.

band's work here, in all our minds, that we could scarcely refer to him without thinking of her. The New Testament has words of blessing for a couple named Aquilla and Priscilla, who "labored much in the Lord." The mention of one suggests the other. Indeed, theirs appears to have been a united service rendered to the Master. So here, for many years, when we have thought of this parish, we have thought, also, of the faithful pastor and his wife, who labored together in the Lord. We could scarcely separate the service of the pastor from that of his wife. Speaking of him, reminded us of her. Like Aquilla and Priscilla they lived and labored, blessing and being blessed.

We have spoken of the deceased in her relations to the Church and the world. Her worth and influence in the HOME can be imagined better than it can be told. A wife and mother nearly sixty-five years in one home-circle is an experience vouchsafed to few. Doubly sacred must be the family ties that have had more than three score years in which to entwine loving hearts! Grateful, indeed, must be the memory of those years to the bereaved around this bier! Thankful, indeed, must they be to Him whose tender care spared this fruitful life so long! To possess such a mother, whose home-life has rounded like an orb—to give her back to God after that life has been a benediction to every bond of kinship, with songs of victory, is blessing enough! The fragrance of such a home-life will linger long about the hearthstone, like the smell of harvest when the sheaves are garnered.

There is one\* before me to whom this solemn service is the close of the most touching and beautiful chapter of his life. I need not tell you, sir, who, for eleven years, have watched the pathway of your mother to the grave, and ministered to her with such devotion, night and day, that filial love carries its own reward. You do not regret, you never will or can regret, that you exchanged even the work of the pastoral office for the more delicate ministrations of filial love to your aged and beloved parents. To be able to consecrate so much of your life to a work so dear is an unspeakable privilege. And now that you commit to the dust, six months after your venerable father was buried, all that is mortal of her whom you delighted to call MOTHER, the recollection of your watchings, ministrations and sacrifices, will be a source of your richest joy. The incense of love that you have offered upon the home-altar must ascend "a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor" forever and ever!

Not often does the life of a female illustrate so forcibly the POWER OF CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD as the one we have thus imperfectly portrayed. A few thousand such women, distributed over the world, would speedily change its moral aspect, and push it forward mightily towards the millennium. Her personality, intensified by her active piety, assured power. It could not be otherwise. The power of *moral* character is inevitable. Wealth is power. Knowledge is power. But Christian char-

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\*Appendix F.

acter is vastly more a power. "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance"—not because they are rich or learned, but because they are *good*. Christ is remembered, not by inspiration, but by spotless character. Take away his personality and there is no Christianity. Deny this Church and people all that is due to the personality of this Christian woman, and you deny them much that has contributed to make their history what it is.\*

And this leads me to add, in conclusion, to the members of this Church, it is an unspeakable privilege to which you have been called, viz, to enjoy the ministrations of such a couple in the pastorate through their protracted life-time; and then to have them still in your care—a sacred trust—when crowned with hoary years, until the Master calls them up higher; and you are permitted to lay them beside your own kindred, and among their own people, who have "gone before!" True, it was your parents and grandparents who chiefly enjoyed their fruitful labors, and they have all passed over the river, leaving the solemn charge to their children, and children's children, thus intensifying its import and hallowing the service of the hour. You will seek in vain for a church to which God has vouchsafed such an experience. It is believed to be without a parallel in the history of churches, showing how much Providence has exalted you above others, in this regard. And to-day you commit to the dust all that remains of this

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\* Appendix G.

Christian woman, for sixty-five years your "pastor's wife," thus performing the final act that discharges you from the trust confided to your ancestors and yourselves toward this venerable couple. It is the close of a transaction the like of which, neither you nor yours will ever be permitted to enter into again—a long, useful and grand connection over which the grave closes, but whose memories and blessings cannot be buried. The lessons of such a history are many and impressive. May the Spirit help you to learn them by heart, that the angels of God may descend upon this altar, to make the ministry of your Future as true and noble as that of your Past!

## APPENDIX.

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### A.

The funeral services were conducted as follows :

Prayer at the house at 10 o'clock A. M. by Rev. J. M. Bell, pastor of the church.

The remains were borne to the church where her husband ministered so many years, Deacons Metcalf, Fisher and Shumway, and Mr. Joseph Bullard bearers. The family pew, pulpit and platform were beautifully adorned with flowers, white instead of black lace appearing amid the floral decorations. These delicate tributes were prepared by those who knew the tastes of the deceased.

At 10 1-2 o'clock the public services began, conducted by the pastor.

1. Reading of appropriate selections from Scripture by Rev. J. M. Bell.

2. Selection by the Choir.

3. Sermon by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer of Franklin.

4. Prayer by Rev. Edmund Dowse of Sherborn.

5. Original Hymn by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, founded on the text of the sermon. Read by Rev. R. K. Harlow of Medway Village.

The hands that wrought for man and God  
Are folded on the breast of peace;  
From toils for want, at home, abroad,  
These busy hands have sweet release.

The heart that beat is pulseless now,  
The heart that beat for human wo;  
No more this heart will beat, or bow,  
Or pray for sufferers here below.



Her prayer to praise, her toil to rest,  
 Is chang'd, within the "Better Land,"  
 Where sorrow ne'er afflicts the breast,  
 Nor sin defiles the heart or hand.

Earth gives her up, though with a tear;  
 Heaven greets on high the sainted one;  
 While living weepers round the bier  
 Gather—TO TELL WHAT SHE HATH DONE!

6. Benediction by Rev. R. K. Harlow.

Mrs. Ide was laid beside her husband in Evergreen Cemetery.

B.

Several of the number, now influential men and women, were present at her funeral, to pay their tribute of respect to her memory.

B. p.-15.

Miss Mary E. Torrey, who married Rev. Albert Bryant, Nov. 20, 1865, and proceeded immediately to Sivas, Turkey, by appointment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

D.

Dr. Oliver Dean, of Franklin.

She retained her interest in Missions to the last. A few months before her death, she said to her son, who was preparing on Saturday to go away to supply a pulpit on the Sabbath, "Is there not a collection to be taken up to-morrow?" He replied in the affirmative. "Then you must leave me some money," she responded. She could not carry her contribution, but she could *send* it.

In his half-century sermon, Dr. Ide paid the following tribute to his wife: "My affectionate wife, who, besides being a help-meet for me in other respects, has almost entirely relieved me from active exertions in the cause of benevolence. To the extent of her power, and even beyond her power, has she looked after the wants, not only of the heathen in foreign lands, and of the destitute in the new settlements of this country, and in the waste places in our Zion, but into the condition of the poor and suffering of every description in her own immediate vicinity."

## E.

Prof. E. A. Park, in his Memoir of Dr. Emmons, says, "no private instructor in the land has ever trained so large a number of ministers as were trained at Franklin. \* \* \*

It has often been said, that he has effected more, without adventitious helps, in fashioning the entire character of his pupils in divinity, than has been effected by any other theological instructor in our land. \* \* \* \* \* He began his theological school thirty-two years before the American Board was organized. \* \* \* \* \* He breathed into all who stood near him, a desire to evangelize the desolate parts of our own land and the world. \* \* \* \* \* Forty-one of the deceased pupils of Dr. Emmons are noticed in the Biographical Dictionaries of eminent men \* \* \* \* \*

Men who were to lay the foundations for schools of learning, and for other beneficent institutions repaired to Emmons as their magnetic instructor. \* \* \* \* \*

The preceding record [biographical sketches of his pupils] is significant of the protracted influence which Emmons exerted over the land. \* \* \* \* \*

Perhaps no theological instructor in the land has come so near as Emmons, to spreading out his pupils throughout an entire country."

## F.

A friend of the family writes to us, "When the last of her daughters was taken away, Mrs. Ide requested her son, Rev. A. W. Ide, to remain permanently at home. Dr. Ide did not approve, for he thought that the churches had the first claim. But when the son promised to leave neither the ministry nor his mother, Dr. Ide consented to the arrangement. The untiring care, gentleness and patience with which, for eleven years, the son has fulfilled his task have won the admiration of all the friends of the aged couple."

## G.

When following the remains of Mrs. Ide to the grave, a person said (referring to the preacher's words respecting her work and influence in the parish), "What is there here with which her efforts are not, in some way, associated. Even the hearse, that is now bearing her to the grave, was obtained by

her. She said that it was not treating the dead with proper respect to carry them to the grave on the old, dilapidated hearse; and she started and circulated a subscription paper for a better one; and she accomplished her object. She really secured the remodeling of the house of worship a few years ago. Her husband had ceased to preach, and had a colleague, but her interest in the welfare of the parish was unflinching as ever. She proposed to remodel the meeting house; but her husband and others said, 'the money cannot be raised to pay for it.' Confident that it could be, she called together the female members of the church, and announced that the meeting was to pray for wisdom and direction as to remodeling their house of worship. She told the ladies plainly that she did not wish to be buried from a house that was in such a condition as neither to be creditable to the church nor pleasing to God. The result of that prayer-meeting, which was a fervent one, was the inauguration of a plan that culminated in the present attractive appearance of their house of worship. 'She always accomplished whatever she undertook.' "







